

THREATENED PUNISHMENT.



SHE—You're a brute! I shall—I shall—  
HE—Go home to mother, I suppose?  
SHE—No, I will not give you that satisfaction! I shall send for mother to come here!

Mean Thing.

MRS. BROWNE—What will you give toward a new bicycle for me?  
BROWNE—The wind for the tires.

He was not prepossessing looking. He had a huge and knobby nose his eyes were not unanimous, and his scraggly mustache seemed to be making frantic efforts to hide his big mouth. He sat himself down near the door. Immediately after there came into the Bridge car a pretty woman and her wide-awake son. He had one of those voices that will pierce boiler iron, and he was chock full of a desire for information on all subjects. At first he was occupied with questions concerning the motive power of the cars, the length of the Bridge, whether it would kill you to fall into the East River and kindred topics. Then he began to take in the passengers.

"Are there many pretty people, mamma?" he asked.

"I don't know dear."

"What makes people pretty?"

His mother blushed consciously and mumbled something, and he continued.

"Are you pretty?"

Again a mumbled answer and more blushes, but the pitiless investigator went on.

"Well, I think you're pretty. Do you think you are, mom?"

"Hush, dear, don't talk so loud. People will hear you."

"Well, I ain't sayin' anything bad, am I?"

Just then his roving eye fell on the homely man near the door, and he looked at him with consuming interest. After a pause

"Mamma."

No answer.

"Mamma," in a tone that ran from one end of the train to the other.

"What, dear?"

"Do people get more homely the older they get?"

"I don't know, dear," said she.

"Well, but do they? Do they get homelier and homelier?"

"Some of them do, dear, I suppose," was the low response.

He was looking straight at the man with the scraggly mustache, and his gaze drew every one's attention to him. Then, carrying his question to its logical conclusion, in a penetrating whisper

"Gee, mamma, mustn't that man be awful old then?"

Fair Play Wanted.

OLD PARTY (at the door)—What are you crying for, my little man?

THE LITTLE MAN—Cos dat boy rung de bell, sir.

OLD PARTY—Ah, there's a good child! You didn't want him to ring my door bell, did you?

LITTLE MAN—No, sir. He never gives me no chance ter ring at all.

I'm Waitin'.

Six months old is Willy boy,  
Mamma's jewel, papa's joy!  
Yet no gold's without alloy—  
Same with me!

I jes' watch the days an' pray  
That my Willy boy ter-day  
Wuz a leetle older, say  
Two or three!

Dimpled chin, tip-tilted nose,  
Leetle moist han's an' dimpled toes,  
Cheeks 'at's redder 'n the rose—  
Aint he dear?

When he laffs in sweet surprise  
Sunshine's streamin' from his eyes,  
Angels' voices in the skies  
I seem ter hear!

But, when jes' before the dawn  
Of the cheerless Winter morn  
Willy waits a wall ferlorn,  
'Nuff fer ten!

Wakin' me an' everyone,  
Yellin', yawpin' jes' fer fun,  
'N' fer the bottle I must run,  
That's jes' when

I jes' watch the dear an' pray  
Thet my Willy boy ter-day  
Wuz a leetle older, say  
Two or three!

Why? Ef he wuz old ez that  
I could take him, lay him flat,  
Swat him with a switch or slat,  
Yes, sirree!

An' he'd know what it wuz for!  
Now ef I should lam him, lor'!  
He'd jes' holler, he'd jes' roar!  
Wouldn't know

He wuz gittin' licked, yer see!  
So thet's why I wish that he  
Might be older, two or three  
Years, or so!

A Woman in the Case.

HARRY—Weren't you out for a minister?  
CHOLLY (saddy)—No, by one.

A FLAG OF FISH.



Patriotic display of the eels and starfish when the aquarium directors called.

His Own.

MRS. BENHAM—Do you believe that marriages are made in heaven?  
BENHAM—I know of one that wasn't.

The Apology Was Accepted.

One day when Broncho Bill had imbibed a little too freely and remarked to a crowd that Ugly Joe was a bluffer and a coward of the worst sort, he was almost immediately sobered up by the fear that the man was sure to hear of his remarks and would shoot him on sight, and after thinking the matter over he saw that his only chance was to hunt him up and apologize for his thoughtless words.

"Pard," he said as he came across Joe in front of the Prairie Saloon, picking his teeth with a bowie knife, "what would happen to the man who called you a coward and a bluffer?"

"Wall," replied Joe, smiling wickedly, "it seems to me that yer qeshun ar' mighty foolish, seel' as how ye ar' acquainted with my ways."

"Oh—of course," went on Bill, wincing a bit, "Ye'd shoot him on sight, wouldn't ye?"

"I sartainly would, ye fule, and ye know it!"

"B—but, pard," persisted Bill, forcing a smile on his anxious face, "s'posin' the critter as said it war' drunk at the time and didn't mean it—what then?"

"That wouldn't make any dif'—"

"And, say, Joe, old pard," interrupted the other, "s'posin' the man should apologize to ye arter he'd sobered up?"

"Wall," answered Joe after a moment's thought, "that would depend a great deal on the sort o' apology he offered, ye know."

"Exactly!" said Bill, heaving a sigh of relief and pulling a flask of whiskey from his pocket. "And as I'm the critter who called ye names, let me offer ye an apology in the shape o' a bottle o' the best pizen in the hull State o' Texas."

And when Ugly Joe had accepted the "apology" and sampled the same, he bowed to the apologist and remarked:

"Bill, any time ye feel inclined to bluff at me ye needn't be afeared to do so, 'cause I wouldn't hurt a ha'r o' yer head—that is, in course, if ye don't furtit to apologize fur it arterwards."

Always with Us.

"Tell me what are the signs of Spring?"

She asked in accents quaint;

And he replied by answering:

"To Let," "For Sale," and "Paint."

A Glittering Inducement.

MR. HOJACK—I see that Mrs. Cawker is riding a wheel.

MR. TOMDIK—Yes. Did you hear how she came to get it?

"No."

"She told her husband that she would rather ride than talk. He bought the wheel the very next day."

ON HIS DIGNITY.



Becoming Accomplished.

MOTHER—Tommy, is that you tramping around in your room?

TOMMY—Yes, mamma.

MOTHER—What are you doing?

TOMMY—Learnin' to walk in my sleep, mamma.

"Shtop makin' so much noise!"

"I aint makin' no noise."

"Well, thin, make some. Would you make your father out a tolar?"

Proof Positive.

HE—Are you sure that you love me, dearest?

SHE—Why, Reginald, I'd—I'd marry you if your name were Jake.

Evidence of It.

"Halloweh'ch pranks are no modern invention," remarked Fosdick.

"How ancient are they?" asked Keedick.

"The Bible speaks about somebody who carried off the gates of Gaza."

THE CELEBRATED PROFESSOR AGROBATTI'S ENCOUNTER WITH A FOOTPAD.



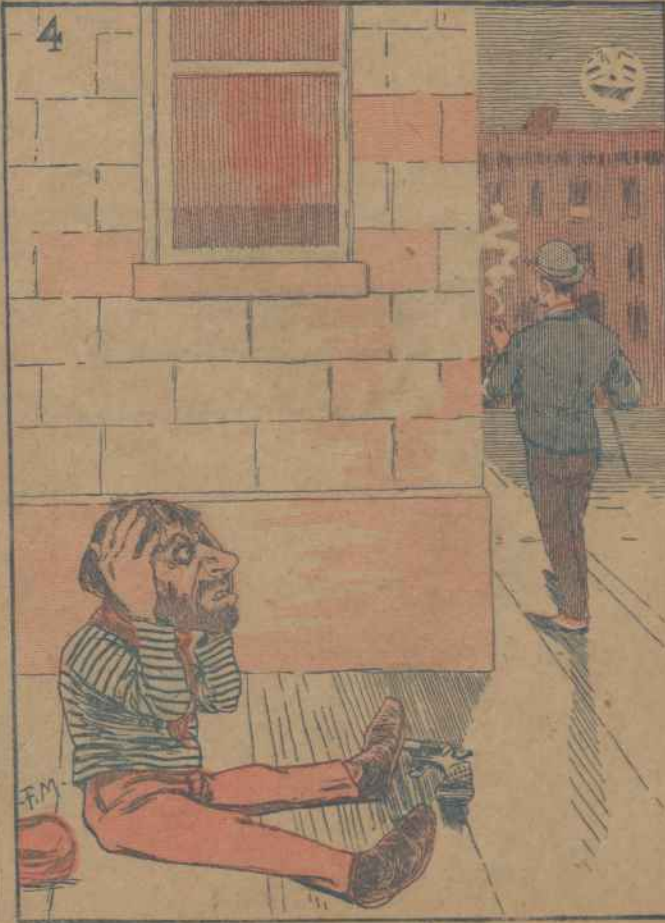
1 "Hands up there!"



2 "What's this?"



3 "What's happening?"



4 "Whew! Did yer see de earthquake?"